

Other Kind Of Dream

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Summary: Based off of a Tumblr prompt: what happens when Kirsten and Cameron have an impromptu movie night. Will it go as planned or will something ruin the atmosphere?

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It's a quiet Friday night. Cameron Goodkin is making himself a bowl of ramen noodles when, suddenly, a brisk knock on the door interrupts his train of thought.

It's Kirsten Clark, one of his colleagues from the Stitchers program â€"which he finds irresistibly appealing- not that he makes that apparent anyway. The blonde's presence at his place unnerves him. 'She must be here this late at night because of an urgent issue' he thinks, unaware of her intentions. However, he musters up the courage to ask:

>"Isn't it a bit late for â€"whatever it is that you're doing here?" He makes no effort in concealing the surprise on his face.<p>

"What is it that you think I'm doing? I'm bored and I thought I'd swing by." She states all in one breath, her hands places either side of her hips. She seems to be waiting for an invitation inside. Without a warning, the microwave timer goes off and Cameron goes to check on his food. That gives Kirsten enough time to make herself comfortable around the man's apartment.

"What's that smell? Popcorn?" A warm whiff meets Kirsten's nostrils. "I could really use a snack." , she thinks, looking down at her grumbling stomach.

"Ramen noodles, actually." He scratches his head uncomfortably.

"Unless I've grown an additional set of limbs, I didn't give you a reason to stare, did I?" A playful smirk tugs at the corner of her mouth. She caught him off guard.

"No, it's just that Iâ€| wasn't expecting anyone tonight. That's all."

"Well, if you want me to leave, I could." The blonde picks up her duster coat, discarded on a bar stool and heads toward the exit. His fingers clasp her delicate wrist. The electrifying shock of the contact leaves the pair stunned, each taking a step back. It's intimate. Intense. Unlike what any of them have ever felt.

"Stay." Cameron's tone is almost hushed, but then he resumes "It's pretty late. You shouldn't be driving." His own words betray him. His eyes are twinkling bright as the sky on a starry night.

"Okay." Kirsten nods. She feels herself becoming smaller and smaller.

"You can crash on the sofa. I'll go get you some clothes."

"Do you have Netflix?" The blonde inquires, pensively.

A brown head of hair peeks from outside the bedroom door.

"I have the full membership. Suit yourself."

Kirsten shrugs in agreement and proceeds with the searching.  
>"Um, you don't mind wearing some of my sister's old clothes, do you?" Cameron asks, quite embarrassed by the turn of events.<p>

"You have a sister?" is all that Kirsten can say. In a short period of time she has gotten to know Cameron more than any other trainee in the program yet there were parts of himself he kept hidden from people. He was a discreet man. Kirsten really admired that about him.

"Yeah, Sarah. She's my older sister. She has an art gallery in Boston and doesn't come often to visit. But when she does, she usually leaves a fresh set of clothes here."

"It's fine by me."

Half an hour later, they were all set up on Cameron's couch, huddled up in throws â€"partly because Cameron forgot to pay his heating bill this month and because Kirsten insisted on the importance of fuzzy blankets. On the table in front of them lay different assortments of candy and Kirsten's favourite 'hazelnut chocolate' spread.

"You remembered!" Kirsten exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. The moments in which she smiled wholeheartedly were a rarity, so Cameron did its best to drink it in. He did this. His small gesture caused all of this.

"When have I ever forgotten, Rocky? So, what have we settled on?"

"This was suggested when I logged in on your account. So don't blame me if it sucks. Also, it's a romance movie."

"Sarah." They said in unison.

Kirsten fell asleep halfway through the movie. It was only when she started moaning and humming in her sleep that Cameron chose to turn off the movie. This was far more interesting. He sat there, watching her manifest herself while she slept. When she screamed his name, it became too much for him to handle. So he shook her shoulder. The blonde jolted awake, almost knocking down the coffee table.

"What happened?" She questions, rubbing her eyes drowsily.

"You were moaning in your sleep."

"Oh God! How embarrassing. Did I say anything else" Kirsten buries her face in her hands. What if he'll never look at her the same way after tonight?

"Nope. Not that I can remember." He feigns forgetfulness.

"You did take Netflix and chill to another level though."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Confusion is painted across her face.

"Nevermind, Sparky."

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